

VOL. VI.

THE NEW REAU.

BY OLAS MIDSUMMER.

Sally had a brand-new beau. With perfume like the roses fair, And every where he seemed to go, You'd think the air was roses there. He went with her to see her father, And when she came to see her father, When struck a song into his jaw Upsetting his nomenclature.

Then Sally pulled his jaw apart, And put a kiss between them, where It rose a fragment from his heart. And dropped him on a sofa chair, There on its yielding cushioned seat. He seemed resigned to leave the ghost, When Sally said, "unshove his feet." "Till do him good his chins to toast."

One shoe released, his walking gear, When "show," the richness of perfumes, The richest posies all were there: The roses and the chrysanthemums, The other shoe set free its store. When quit the father on the spot, But Sally stuck and hung and bore Till the feet were getting hot.

Then mother reached there, turned him out, And drove him down the alley. Where lingered he some time about, And waited patiently Sally. What makes the man so slow to go? The eager children shouted then, When mother said, "he love you know," He's not much worse than other men.

CHICAGO, Ill.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

The sailor sauntered slowly away from the globe inn, like a man who had ample time at his disposal. "So this is Salem," he said to himself. "It's more like Turkey, where a crooked look brings a bastinado, and a word cuts your head off. If this is what the new world comes to in a generation or two, I'm best we find no more. The old is kinder to us."

He was walking directly toward the old meeting house, when a bell—a pretty piece of fur hanging at a door—attracted him, when he should pass a hurry, but Arthur Proctor. He was in a hurry, but the moment he saw the sailor he stopped and held out a hand cordially, which was warmly grasped.

"Good-morning, Mr. —"

"Jones," said the sailor; "I need not ask how the morning finds you, Mr. Proctor."

"It's lucky I met you, for I have a word for you in private."

"That is the very thought in my mind," said Arthur Proctor.

"Where, then, we need not be long in coming to business," said the sailor.

"Where can we be alone?"

"I live hard by—a few steps more. This is Mr. Lodge's place. We can be alone here for awhile."

As he spoke Arthur Proctor led the sailor into the house and passed up stairs into an upper room where a bed, a chair and a trunk comprised the sole appointments. Proctor sat down on the trunk and pointed to a chair.

"This is going to a great deal of trouble for nothing, maybe," said the sailor, "but I'll make bold to speak to you, now we are alone."

"Whatever you say will go no farther," said Proctor.

"If I did not feel sure of that I'd not be here."

He pondered, looking at the floor, while Proctor waited his pleasure. At last the sailor looked up.

"What was the story about the murder of the innkeeper's son?"

"You mean Daniel Meade's son?"

The sailor nodded.

"Why, that was altogether a bad business. The young fellow was fearful of his father. He had quarrelled—it was but a trifling matter, but the authorities might inquire into it, when he came home he was afraid to be seen save by his parents for a time. Then a traveler—a sailor, like yourself—lodged overnight in the inn, and, sleeping in the same room with the son, was sent on robbing the inn. There are some think there was a quarrel. The innkeeper and his wife were the man was trying to rob them, when the son awoke, and in making his escape the robber shot the son and killed him."

"Humph! That might be, too."

"You seem to doubt it. Have you any reason to question the parents' statement?"

"Far from it. If the boy was shot and the father ran away, and all pointed as you say, why, that ends it."

"That is the story commonly believed," Arthur Proctor looked at the sailor inquiringly. The sailor seemingly had dismissed the subject from his mind. He turned abruptly to Proctor.

"Think you Mr. Lee is hereabouts?"

"That I can't tell," said Proctor, cautiously. "It would be strange if he were here and I not hear of it."

"You know the Lees well, then?"

Arthur Proctor's cheeks reddened. The sailor, observing his rising color, added quickly.

"Fardon me. I meant much less than you have taken out of my question. I have no right to meddle in others' affairs, but seeing what I see, if the wind blows as your looks lead me to think, I'm pleased I chanced upon you. I would do Martin Lee a good turn before I go to Boston."

"Do not under stand."

"That is what I must explain fully. You see, it's like this: Martin Lee don't know I am living. He thinks it best to keep out of harm's way since we fought last. 'Twas all rum at the bottom—all rum. I'll tell you the whole story."

The sailor crossed his legs, drew a long breath, and moving his head very slowly from side to side continued:

"Martin Lee and me sailed together in the same ship. It happened so by accident. Anyhow we were in the same fo'castle. The last time it happened we hadn't met for years. He was given up for lost—years. And he was, too, but he found himself. It may say, well, to make my story short, last time we sailed was on the ship Eliza. The ship Eliza took him from a Portuguese ship, where he was helped off a wreck somewhere. So being old mates, we were mighty glad to see each other. He had some rare things—very rare things to show me. I have a specimen in my purse. Mayhap you might guess what it is."

The sailor produced his purse and drew from the bottom of it a piece of fine leather, which he unrolled carefully, exposing to view a curious-looking stone, one side of which sparkled as he passed it to Proctor, who turned it over in his palm indifferently and returned it.

"I never saw such a thing before."

"Nor I. But I shouldn't wonder if it would bring a hundred pound or more."

"Is it a diamond?" demanded Proctor eagerly.

"That's what Martin gave it to me for—and I never knew him to tell me a lie. He gave it to me as a keepsake to buy myself a present with, he said. You see—when we got ashore—safe and sound both of us, and the ship at the bottom, and many a brave fellow with her—we were main glad. That was nature. Well, we turned to, and called for the best that was going. That was nature, too. Think what we had come through since we had parted. Well, 'twas selfish like for me to go alone at it, so I had a friend, and he found a mate, and we made a day of it and a night, and another day atop of that, and another night. And then we had as much company as 'Jack' ever has till his pocket's empty. Whether it was planned or accident 'tis the devil put it in us, the frolic broke up in a fight. I be an ugly customer with my best friends, they say, when I'm drunk. Martin Lee and me fought, and somehow—'twas never Martin—came with a knife. I was done for then, and when I came to nobody knew aught of Martin Lee. Now, seeing how 'twas, 'twas clear to me he would be caught and hanged if I did. When, as I say and will maintain, 'twas a my fault, an Martin Lee is in hiding for a thing he need not be ashamed of. I have come to see the mind that 'I'm main sorry it happened with my old mate—the best friend I ever sailed with. So, if you are intimate with John Lee, and can help me get his good will, we must tell Martin Lee there's no longer use for his hiding."

"There is ten times a thousand times—more reasons he should conceal himself now than there were before. I have a plan," said Arthur Proctor. He produced a purse and held it toward the sailor. "Was not this in my hand when Daniel Meade was taken with a fit?"

"I dare say such as liked could see it," Arthur Proctor reflected. "Tom Jones regarded him with a speculative eye."

"There is more in this than appears on the face of it. The landlord was like himself until he fell in a fit."

"That is for you to say—I must say I thought him out of sorts from the moment I set eyes on him. I saw him look over his shoulder at this purse, and then he gave a loud cry, as you heard."

"Aye—we all heard him."

The sailor looked wonderingly at the young man, then frowned as he thought of his experience in the night.

"Why should Daniel Meade be upset at the sight of a purse?" Arthur Proctor asked himself the question, although he uttered it. He was thinking less of the sailor than of circumstances which were slowly shaping themselves in a connected manner in his mind.

"Eh? Darned if I can make head or tail of it," said the sailor. "If Martin Lee was really in Globe Inn when the murder was done, why don't the landlord and his wife set to and find him? If they have any clues to work on, why don't they make a cry about it?"

"That is what I am wondering at," Proctor answered.

"Tell you what, mate, 'tis like they are biding their time to spring on him. What think you?"

"I was thinking," said Proctor, like one awaking from a dream, "how we can best get at the bottom of this business."

"Mayhap I can help you. I promised I'd say nothing, but I am not sure I did it in promising. Leastways, there's no harm in telling you."

Here the sailor related what befell him through the night. As he described the approach of the landlord of Globe Inn to his bedside, and the thrust with the knife, the sudden appearance of Grizzle, and the returning consciousness of the landlord, Arthur Proctor listened spell-bound.

"This is a strange tale," he said, as the sailor concluded. "Tis the hand of Providence." He was unconsciously forming in his mind a theory that was to lead to startling results. "This is a delicate—a very dangerous business for Martin Lee, for you and me, and the landlord and Grizzle Meade, his wife, if we make any mistake. This is plainly a hanging matter."

"Tell me what I can do. You'll find me ready," Proctor pondered long in silence, sighed deeply, and said:

"I have a plan. But first of all, we must take my uncle into our confidence."

"I see no wrong in that."

The day was well advanced when the three entered Globe Inn. Grizzle Meade looked sharply at them as they seated themselves and called for wine, which they drank slowly, like men who relished it. They talked of the weather, of taxes, the Indian wars, of everything but witchcraft, until the landlord entered. The callers were few. One customer rode away from the inn, and a wagon approached, being driven by the landlord himself. It did not escape the eyes of the customers that the moment Daniel Meade left the doorway Grizzle Meade re-entered, and stood looking out after her husband. Then Proctor's uncle, Abner Bain, suddenly stooped and holding up a purse, the same that Proctor had exposed the night before, said:

"Daniel Meade had best look to his purse, or less than people may find it, Missus Meade."

At sight of the purse Grizzle Meade turned deadly pale, but she answered quickly:

"Tis not my husband's, nor never was. I never saw it before."

Abner Bain made no answer, but sipped his wine. The wagon, which had stopped, rolled on, Grizzle withdrew, and Daniel Meade spoke, holding out the purse:

"Hast ever seen a purse like this in the hands of a customer?"

Grizzle Meade peered in at the door as her husband looked at the purse.

"I found it lying on the floor."

The landlord reached out a hand quickly, then he quickly withdrew it.

"Tis not mine—found it, say you? On the floor? 'Tis the same as your friend carries. If it be not Proctor's I know not whose it may be."

"And that be so, I may keep it until the owner calls for it."

Daniel Meade made no reply, and soon afterward the three took their departure.

"Did you see how pale she was?" said the sailor, whose eyes were keen, when they were on the road again.

"And I remarked how he held out a hand—until he bethought himself," said Abner Bain.

"This purse," said Proctor, shaking it, "will help to hang thee, Daniel Meade."

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"This purse," said Proctor, shaking it, "will help to hang thee, Daniel Meade."

CHAPTER XVI.

JANET BEFORE THE JUDGES.

Of all the strange and striking scenes witnessed in the Meeting House in Salem in those perilous days, none excited more interest than the examination of Janet Lee. The crowd that gathered inside and outside the Meeting House expressed amazement at the self-possession she displayed. Deputy Governor Thomas Danforth, with a magistrate to either side of him, presided. His preliminary remarks were brief. They were to the effect that the prisoner, and her friends, as well as all present, were fully advised of the nature of the offense with which she was charged. It was sufficient to say she was charged with witchcraft.

When Governor Danforth concluded, and the Sheriff told Janet Lee to stand up, heads were twisted and elevated; everybody stood on tip-toe to look at her. Janet returned their looks with a composure that excited nervous comments.

There was, however, but one sentiment when her father and mother entered. All sympathized with them.

When Governor Danforth ordered the witnesses to be called, perfect silence ensued. Marshal Hobbs called upon Ezra Easty to come forward. Before Ezra had time to comply, John Lee rose, and in a loud, clear voice, asked:

"Who brings this charge against my daughter?"

"That will be made known in due season," one of the magistrates replied, "let the witness be sworn."

A murmur arose as Ezra Easty stepped forward. Before the Sheriff could administer the oath, Arthur Proctor asked:

"Is it customary to proceed without bringing the accused and the accuser face to face?"

"Who is that young man?" Gov. Danforth looked from one to the other, but no one answered, whereupon Arthur Proctor replied:

"A friend of the accused and a lover of justice. My name is Arthur Proctor."

"It were well for the accused you held your peace," said Danforth severely. "These proceedings must be guided by the necessities of the cases brought before us. Let the witness be sworn."

Ezra, when duly sworn, trembled. His face flushed. The flush deepened when he spoke in answer to the first question.

"Ezra Easty, what do you know concerning this matter?" He looked at the girl as he replied:

"I know I met Janet Lee on Will's Hill last night. It was not so dark but I could hear her, and feel her when she struck me, and tore herself away from my grasp."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I called out and taxed her with coming there. Then I took hold of her and all at once I was tossed aside like a feather, and was gone."

"Why did you go to Will's Hill?"

"As Ann Bigger can prove, I followed her to make sure whether she carried the bread and milk she took from her father's house. Her mother said Ann and me stole home. I followed her after prayers, as Ann Bigger will bear me out, after we saw her take the cakes."

"Janet Lee," said Governor Danforth, "you have heard the witness. You have admitted the meekness he took from the person he found on Will's Hill is yours. John Lee, have you anything to ask the witness?"

John Lee shook his head. "Whatever I may have to say is as well unsaid for the present. What would it profit us?"

"I think it would be well to give him time to make answer," said Giles Ellis.

"That is impossible," answered one of the magistrates. "We cannot delay these proceedings. If nobody makes answer, we will take the testimony and pass on it after due consideration."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS.

When they were alone Grizzle Meade looked at her husband. Daniel Meade returned her look with one of wonder.

"Well, is there anything wrong?"

Grizzle still stared at him in silence. Her anger was smoldering, and now her wrath found full tongue.

"Do you want to hang us both? What did you do with the purse? Did I not charge you to let nobody see it? But you have had your own way—and it's taking us to the gallows! We may both prepare for the time that's coming, and the rope. I feel it round my neck even now. This all comes, Daniel Meade, of your folly and wrong-headedness."

The landlord of Globe Inn mustered up sufficient courage to demand an explanation.

"Tell me what I have done, Grizzle," "Done!" Grizzle shrieked. "Did you not give me that purse? Did not one of them show me a purse and tell me you dropped it—the very purse I warned you to bury—to put where mortal never could see it?"

"Who said I dropped it?"

"Who? 'Twas one who is too keen for his bare, he said. 'Twas Arthur Proctor's uncle, Abner Bain, a likely man, and well-to-do."

"And what said he, Grizzle?"

The landlord of Globe Inn rubbed his hands together nervously. Grizzle looked at him with scorn in her face.

"Tis little matter what he said. He held the purse out to catch my eye, and said 'twas yours."

"And what answer did you make?"

"I said 'twas never yours."

"What more—what more?"

"Be sure I hid my wits about me. I said 'twas not like sly purse you ever had—I said I never looked on its like before."

The landlord of Globe Inn clutched at a table near him, and steadied himself.

"If we hang—Grizzle—'tis you—your tongue—hangs us?"

"How? What mean you?"

"I—I—Daniel Meade gasped, and would have fallen, but Grizzle ran and poured him a glass of liquor, which he gulped down at a draught.

"I see—I see it all now!" exclaimed Grizzle, wringing her hands. "Oh, man! man! where were thy wits? Surely we both shall hang for this folly!"

"Yes—we are done for now, Grizzle. We may as well confess and done with it."

"Confess! Never!" Grizzle Meade straightened herself. "They may hang me—make me confess, they never will! 'Tis not in their power!"

"Tis useless to deny it."

"Are—Owen spirit! then art thou art! There is nothing gained by fear. Everything is to be hoped by keeping up a stout heart. Though you should confess a thousand times, I'll deny it with my last breath. You know me well. Mark my words! Leave this to me, and hereafter hold thy peace, since thou can'st not out-meek me!"

So saying, Grizzle Meade pointed to the inner door, and the landlord of the Globe Inn passed through it, leaving her to stand between him and the world he dreaded.

THE NEWS.

The postoffice at Grafton, W. Va., was broken into by thieves, the safe blown open and over \$1,000 worth of postage stamps stolen.—The Virginia Synod of the Presbyterian Church ordered the division of the East Hanover Presbytery; thenceforth to be known as the Norfolk Presbytery. The synod was adjourned at Lexington, to meet next year at Danville.—An attempt of fifteen Irishmen to pull down the English flag from the tower of the Blarney castle at the World's Fair, on which it had been raised in honor of Lady Aberdeen's husband, the governor general of Canada, caused a riot in the Irish village, and crowds of anti-English visitors tried to prevent the guards from arresting the offenders.—The First National Bank of Dayton, Tenn., closed its doors, owing to the financial stringency.—The American Association, limited, a corporation created under the laws of Great Britain and Ireland, and which owns thousands of acres of land in Pell county, Ky.; Claiborne and Campbell counties, Tenn., and Lee county, Va., was placed in the hands of two receivers by the Louisville court.—Colonel Robert S. Laidley, probably the oldest lawyer in Georgia and most eminent in his profession, died in Macon at the age of seventy-four years.—Stratton & White, electrical and general implement dealers in Fort Worth, Texas, filed a deed of trust for \$40,000, with but \$30,000 preferred.—The business portion of Yarns, a village of the Chicago and Alton Road, was wiped out by fire. Two elevators a lumber yard and thirteen store and office buildings were burned. Loss, (45,000); insurance \$30,000.—Mrs. Augusta Schneider, who was killed by a train, near Watloo, Indiana, Executions aggregating over \$20,000 have been issued against the carpet and wallpaper firm of H. & F. Wolty, Allegheny, Pa. The establishment is in the hands of the sheriff.—Great distress is reported among the miners in the Houtzdale district, Pennsylvania. Mines No. 1, 8 and 9 have been closed for a long time, and the others are running on half time.—Elmer Craddock, who killed a man named Poulton in Parkersburg, was convicted of murder in the first degree, with a recommendation to imprisonment for life.—A building in Hopkinsville, Ky., which was undergoing repairs, collapsed, killing John Parker, a bricklayer, of Nashville, and fatally injuring Charles Davis, of Clarksville, Tenn., and another workman.—The postoffice at Shiloh, N. J., was robbed. The safe was blown open and all the money in it taken. All last evening's mail remaining there was carried off. Samuel M. Tomlinson is postmaster. The thieves then robbed a bakery and stole a horse and buggy.—Laborers digging a trench in the Carnegie steel works at Homestead were covered under several feet of clay by a cave-in. Andrew Dursk and John Manus were dead when taken out. Both men leave families residing in Homestead. Five other men were seriously, but not fatally injured.—The annual statement of the Northern Pacific was made.—A number of papers on financial topics were read at the closing day of the nineteenth annual convention of the American Bankers' Association in Chicago.—The building occupied by the Canada Banknote Company in Montreal was burned.—Bill Wade a notorious desperado, was shot at Webb, Miss., while attempting to terrorize a quiet citizen.—John Nell, seaman in the United States navy, committed suicide at Mare Island because he had been reprimanded.—The mystery of Annie Orr's disappearance from the home of her father, Castleview, on Holland Heights, Bridgeport, Ct., has been cleared up by the finding of her body in an old well.—The statement of the assignee of the insolvent Grant Locomotive works filed at Chicago shows assets of \$1,156,338.07. Receipts on transactions from June 6 to September 23 are placed at \$26,438.83, and the disbursements for that period were \$26,112.23.—The British steamer Mowera was stranded at the entrance of H. noluia harbor.—Mary Carey, aged seventy, of Worcester, Mass., was murdered. Her husband is suspected.—A pitched battle between Poles and Italians in a Chicago hall wound up a dance. One man was killed, two fatally injured and ten others carved.—The Upper Michigan Brewery Company at Iron Mountain, capital stock of \$150,000, went into the hands of a receiver. The liabilities \$80,000; assets \$1,000.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck the Keystone express train on the Fort Wayne Road.—George M. McDonald, president and general manager of the Guarantee Investment Company, came into the United States Court at Chicago, and was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000. The statute under which the indictments were brought provided for a penalty of not more than \$500 fine or one year's imprisonment.—A serious wreck happened on the Canadian Pacific near Grand River, when a special train of fourteen cars came into collision with a west-bound freight. Fireman Wilbridge and Braeman Elliott are reported killed and a cargo of tea is said to be in Lake Superior and scattered on the rocks.—John M. Adler, a New York shoe dealer, made an assignment.—M. Souder, a New York tailor dealer, committed suicide in Harrisburg.—The Eau Claire (Wis.) Pulp and Paper Company, whose paid-up capital stock is \$100,000, was placed in the hands of a receiver. Clarence M. Duffington was appointed receiver.—Will Hanks, president of the suspended Merchants' National Bank Great Falls, Mont., was arrested on the charge of embezzlement.—A shortage that may exceed \$10,000 has been discovered in the Cincinnati office of the Wells, Fargo Express Company, and money order clerk Wm. R. Orchard is a fugitive.—Alfred Jergens, of Cloverdale, Ill., was asphyxiated by escaping gas in Chicago, and Henry Hopper, of Philadelphia, was so badly smothered that his recovery is doubtful.—The engine crew of the Pennsylvania Limited were injured in a wreck that occurred at Wellesville, O.—United States Marshal Colesberry received an order from Attorney General Olney to have brought back to Philadelphia Ching Gun, who, with Ah Mo, were directed by United States Commissioner Edmunds to be deported to China for being unlawfully in this country. Both started on Saturday for San Francisco by way of New Orleans.—Dr. W. B. Shumaker, a prominent citizen of Ackerman, Miss., was shot five times and instantly killed by W. H. Heflin, against whom he had proffered charges of keeping a "blind tiger." Heflin escaped.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Extra Session.

SENATE.

62ND DAY.—The session of the Senate lasted from 10 A. M. to 5.15 P. M., when another recess was taken until to-morrow. The main object of these recesses instead of regular adjournments, is to cut off the time for mooting business, which may be extended for two hours. The four principal speeches of the day were made by Senators Morgan, of Alabama; Teller, of Colorado; Daniel, of Virginia; and Mills, of Texas. But there were many interesting and exciting interludicatory statements made during the delivery of these speeches.

63RD DAY.—In the Senate the discussion hinged upon whether the name of Mr. Teller, of Colorado, should be entered on the journal of Monday, after having been present and having refused to answer when called. The dialogue was broken in upon, first by the speech of the performance by a witty suggestion of the part of Mr. Palmer, of Illinois, that, as Mr. Teller himself has represented the question to the Senate he should be treated with that courtesy for which the Senate was eminently distinguished, and his request was complied with. He asked unanimous assent to that effect, and was refused. The closing speech was made by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina. After a dialogue between him and Senators Hill and Palmer, the galleries applauded once too often and were sharply rebuked by the Vice President. Mr. Butler insisted that the galleries were asked for the benefit of Mr. Hill, and he invited that senator to have it out with him on a street corner. Mr. Manderson misinterpreted the invitation as having a hostile meaning, and made a point of order, which was withdrawn. Mr. Butler explained that his invitation was one to speak, not to fight. At the close of Mr. Butler's speech, the motion to amend was withdrawn, the morning of Monday was spent in discussion with, and at 4.10, the Yeppel bill was taken up, and Mr. Teller, (Pop.), of Kansas, resumed his speech against.

64TH DAY.—The Senate devoted four hours and a half to executive business, and gave the final approval to the appointments of Mr. Van Allen as ambassador to Rome, and Mr. Kilbreth as collector of customs at New York. During the brief period that the doors were open and the public admitted to the galleries a few important events occurred. Chief among them was the introduction of a closure rule by Mr. Voorhees, practically the same as that fathered by Mr. Hill. An amendment to the Senate Purchase bill was offered by Mr. Teller, and occupies the position of being the first amendment that must be voted. It is a free coinage amendment, but it specifically reserves and puts in force the gold standard of 1870, and two hours were then occupied by Mr. Peffer in continuation of the discourse which he began last Friday, and which he may finish next week.

65TH DAY.—In the Senate Mr. Peffer (Pop.) of Kansas, brought to a finish the speech begun by him on Friday of last week, and continued nearly every day since then, and Mr. Jones (Rep.), of Nevada, delivered the third instalment of his dissertation on money and the money market, and his argument against the repeal of the Sherman act. He said he would require two or three days more to finish it.

HOUSE.

62ND DAY.—The only incident of note in the House was a personal controversy between Messrs. Gray, of California, and Warner, of New York, over the New York and New Jersey Bridge bill. It was a question of veracity, and both gentlemen were in rather excited, but the speaker was firm in preserving order, and the debate became calmer. The bill was passed. The remainder of the day was consumed in the further discussion and consideration of the Printing bill.

63RD DAY.—The House made the Bankruptcy bill a continuing special order for Monday next, and the time being devoted to amendments on each paragraph. A bill was passed granting certain public lands to the territory of Arizona. A bill requiring government-aided railroads to provide stations at town sites, within the territories, where such town sites have been established by the Interior Department, was discussed, but not disposed of. The Printing bill was further considered without final determination. The remainder of the day was consumed in the delivery of addresses to the late Wm. Muehler, of Pennsylvania, in respect to whose memory the House adjourned.

64TH DAY.—Although the House transacted more than the usual amount of business, its proceedings were almost entirely devoid of interest. The only incident out of the ordinary was the charge by Representative Simpson of Kansas, that Mr. Curtis, of Kansas, was the agent or attorney of railroads running through the Cherokee Strip, which the latter vigorously denied. That discussion was adjourned as by a brief passage, and the House adjourned.

65TH DAY.—The House was in session only three hours, two-thirds of the time being devoted to the further consideration of the Printing bill. It reached a vote, but no quorum appearing, it went over until this week, when it will be the unfinished business at the first session. A bill was passed directing the construction and maintenance cut for use on the New England coast, the cost not to exceed \$175,000.

WORLD'S FAIR POULTRY.

Five Thousand Fowls on Exhibition—Plymouth Rock Lead.

The display of poultry at the World's Fair numbers about 5,000 fowls. The leading class is Plymouth Rocks. Though this breed outnumbers the recent exhibits at the state fairs, they do not equal their excellence. The light Brahmas are greatly above the usual standard specimens exhibited, with probably some of the largest cockerels ever before shown so early in the season. Canada is out in strong force, having more than half the number of fowls in the display. Among them are a number of Polish, with the largest and most perfect crests ever before seen. Another remarkable class from Canada is the Hamburgs. Many of the golden and silver pencilled have the most perfect pencilled breasts, with proper barring color to the throats. Wyandottes are a strong class. Nearly all known breeds are represented. The bantams are out in force, with many remarkably neat and clean-cut specimens among the games. There is a large display of aquatic fowls, also of turkeys. There are twenty-two poultry judges and two pigeon judges, who commenced their "scoring" at 1 o'clock Wednesday. The judges complain very much of the red-tape restrictions, which prevent their making very rapid progress in placing the awards. Score-card explains the relative merits of each specimen, and at regular poultry shows they decide without further parley the proper placing of the premiums. Here the judge is compelled, in addition to the score-card, to make out a written report, stating why one bird is better than another. Practical methods are ignored and new deceptions made that confuse instead of enlighten. Instead of completing the judging in at most two days, as should be the case, it will take three times as long.

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- 3d. AN INCOME TAX. Believing that those who have much property should bear the burdens of the government in the same proportion to those who have little.

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